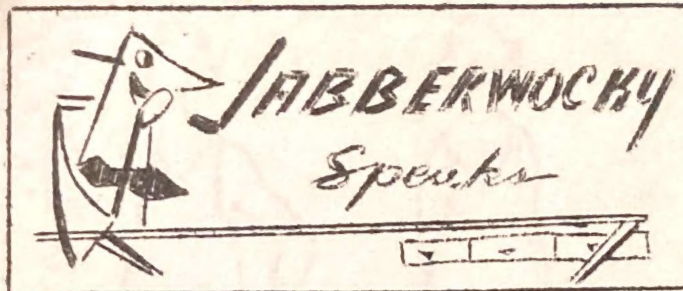




Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy
 toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogroves
And the mome raths outgrabe.

--Lewis Carroll



STAFF MEMBERS

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Jabberwocky Speaks) Rodney Winfield
Associate Editor)
Uncomfortably yours) Roberta Paine
Interviews with the Teachers
.Phyllis Skink

Social Life)
Miscellaneous) Shirley Venit
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Exhibitions. Bernice Greenwald

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Typist, Mimeographer and Layouts
. Corinne Dohi

One bright morning -- yesterday will be all right, there appeared upon our doorsteps an awfully bedraggled animal of somewhat hazy lineal descent. We were about to exclaim, "Another aspiring artist, no doubt", when it BURLED. We changed our minds and silently murmured, "Oh!". Not in the least affected by the mortified expressions on our physiognomies, it began in a whiffling sort of voice to tell us its story.

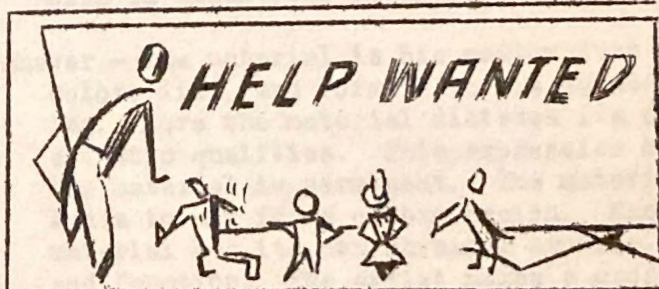
It seems that this - err - creature was born to promote a closer relationship between the two sections of the Freshmen Class. A few weeks' ago it appeared, was duly accepted, given a few pats on the head, and then, as suddenly, vanished - with the result that a few students went around with awfully red faces, for their brain child had developed a sickness due to gastric acidity and red tapeworms. We diagnosed the case, held a convention with Professors Shaw and Watson, the Student Relations Committee and the Student Council. The patient recovered.

Today we are ready to formally introduce to you the Jabberwocky. You'll be seeing it every other week, and it wants all of you to contribute to its honor role of participating students. I give to you the JABBERWOCKY.

People, congratulations, and many thanks for your fine support. Now that we have won this opportunity to express ourselves, let's not lose it by neglecting to support it with material. It's a swell opportunity to express yourself by writing for the paper and by illustrating it.

I would like to thank the Pioneer Staff for its fine help and endorsement, Miss Schutz, our Faculty Advisor, Miss Dohi, for her fine contributions, and the members of the staff for their model start AND hard work. Thank you.

Rodney M. Winfield
Editor in Cheese



Attention all students! Read through this paper and decide which article you would like to write for in the next edition. Then turn to this page, see who is the dummy editor of the article you have chosen, then hand him or her your name on a piece of paper. This must be done the day after the paper is issued, and the article must be in no later than the following Monday. If you wish to turn in an article that is not listed, then see Miss Venit of the miscellaneous department. In the Art and Creative Writing Departments state whether you want to be Editor or contribute pictures or poems only. If you're not sure who the editor is, hand your name to the Editor in Cheese or the Assistant Editor. At the time you hand in your bid for editor you will be told when we meet and all additional information that is necessary. Also, if you wish any change in policy or in articles, write your criticisms to the Editor in Cheese. These will be evaluated and if they are deemed worthy by the staff they will be voted on by the Student Body at a Freshmen meeting.



Attention, girls!
For the first time in
Cooper's history, the
girls have a gym, for
which we may thank the

Cooper Staff, Mr. Hollinger, and Ruth Reiman, our representative. The fees are \$1.00 per month which pays for one hour of gym and one hour of swimming each week, with instruction. Mrs. Knowles, a teacher at N.Y.U. and an expert in both gym and modern dancing, teaches us gym. Mrs. Paris, Dean Clark's secretary, who was an alternate in the Olympic swimming contest, is our swimming instructor.

The first session started with a bang. The girls, dressed in their shorts, blouses, and sneakers, just couldn't wait. They dashed into the limbering up exercises with intense vigor and vitality. They have yet to recover from this blunder. Moans and groans due to aching muscles can still be heard. But, to quote Mrs. Knowles, the girls did better than most of her pupils who major in gym at N.Y.U. After approximately half an hour of brisk exercising, the sturdy Cooperites played an exciting, considering that few girls could move, game of volleyball. Next week we will practice basketball and gym or modern dancing.

From 6 P.M. to 7 P.M., the Cooperites were introduced to the pool. They discovered that one shouldn't bring her own swim suit. The gym supplies luscious, subtle gray bathing suits which came in two de-

lightful styles, skin tight or potato sack. Although very few girls, if any, resembled pin-up girls while dressed in this stunning garb, they found it was definitely possible to flounder about and even swim successfully while wearing it. Everyone is looking forward to future sessions where they hope to learn various strokes, improve their ability, learn first aid swimming, and have an all around grand time with Mrs. Paris.

Why don't you girls come, too, huh?

-- Shirley Venit --

INTERVIEW

Mr. Dingilian

Industrial Design

Question - What is the relation between the artist and the material he is working with in industrial design?

Answer - The material is his medium just as color, line, and form is in his painting. Here the material dictates its own esthetic qualities. This expression of the material is permanent. The material leads to new forms of expression. Each material has its own physical expression and function. The artist makes a gross mistake when he tries to interpret his material falsely. Simple example: The artist should not paint wood to look like steel.

Question - What knowledge is required by the artist in industrial design?

Answer - Industrial Designing is a large field. A knowledge of tools and their use is needed. You must be familiar with mass production processes and means. One must be able to design something that works directly and have a pure function. You must also be able to work in three dimension.

Question - How should a product of the machine and a product of the hand be compared?

Answer - They should not be compared to each other. Each tool makes its individual imprint on the finished product and it can be equally mobile in its own respect. The machine creates its own esthetics.

-- Phyllis Sklunk

CORN FLAKES - A serial

--The Bunnies

Mystery lurked in the dank night air. Sneeringly, Gaspar V. Megratoid smoothed the last clod of earth over the body of his innocent victim. After a final furtive glance about him, he drew his black cape across his cruel features, and slunk into the darkness.

In this identical spot, on the following morning, our dashing hero Ethelwyn Ches-terwique, and his beloved, the fair Hyacinth Ess, were lightly tripping down the path. Suddenly Hyacinth tripped, not-so-lightly - kerPLOP!! As the fair flower represented a certain amount of weight, this caused a minor earthquake which uncovered the ghastly remains - gleaming bones - of that scoundrel Megratoid's foul deed. (Ed's. note - The ultra-rapid deterioration of said corpse was due to an unusual acid condition of the soil.)

"Gee with!" Ethelwyn's watery blue cross-eyes snapped. "Will you look at the TEXTURE of thothe boneth!"

Arising after having been struck by a sudden inspiration, he leapt upon his snow-white charger, dragging with him his lady fair and the skeleton. His destination - the Copper Onion, a glorious institution of learning, truly worthy of the donation of so magnificent a skeleton. z.x,cmvnt; so pqowr 87w qpwoeir (stop tickling!!)

The gift was received enthusiastically, and its fine surface was acclaimed far and wide. But when the news reached the ear of Gaspar Megratoid, a gnawing fear gripped his black heart, for he knew that those bones were the last earthly remains of his most recent victim. Something must be done!!!

Ethelwyn, who waited without, (without what?) heard agonized shrieks, and dashed to the rescue. "Fear not, fair maid! I thal rethcue thee!" Rushing blindly in, he mistook a filing cabinet for a door and rammed his head through the keyhole before he discovered his mistake.

He was horrified to discover that the drawer was filled with orange juice in which he was rapidly drowning, to say

nothing of the porcupine quills which were swirling past his nose. For a brief moment he brightened as he mused, "Thuth marveluth textureth!" but was again plunged into despair when he heard Hyacinth's cries ----ooooooOOhh - I'm bein' shuv inter the cement mixer."

His cup of sorrow overflowed when he discovered a cheerful blaze crackling away at his feet. Moreover the walls were beginning to buckle, and the floor had already collapsed.

Will our hero get out of the cabinet in time to rescue Hyacinth? Will - EEEEEEEEE EEEEEKKKKKKKK (GLOAT GLOAT) (Editor's note -- Due to the unfortunate occurrence of the death of our two writers, the continuance of this serial is for rent. Thank you Ed.)

*Uncomfortably
yours*



MEET EFREM

--Roberta Paine

Our Poetry Editor is Efrem K. Weitzman. (K. for Karasik, "and don't put a 'C' before the last 'K'").

"I spent my early boyhood", he says, "in the slums of Brooklyn". He lives in the Bronx now.

Efrem started off in life with blue eyes, which later turned green. Now they are a soft yellow-grey. As an infant he sported long black curls and the major tragedy of his life was the day they were cut off. Sixteen years later he attempted to compensate for the loss by growing some excess foliage on his chin. Just where it went is an interesting story, but you'll have to ask him yourself.

Mr. Weitzman tells us that while he was rather dull as a small child, he has completely made up for it in later years.



GRAVITY

You who stand there
Delicately dangling
from the lands,
Hanging suspended by your feet
Always about to
drop
down.
Aren't you afraid?

Think of it.
The earth is the ceiling and
Someone
is holding you by the ankles.
What if that someone
Let go?

DEEP THOUGHT

I suppose they'd be seen in underwear
If gorillas had less hair.

WEEDS

Obliquely inclined
Steel wind slabs
Severely sweep above
The sea of tragic heads
Pointing these
the lonely,
the undesireables,
pull them out.

Where the wide and empty
Seeks the water
And roads swing suspended
On the hips of Man
They sing on the long horizontal:

Nobly we are sad
Weeping and longing
The narrowness of other lives.

- - -Efrem K. Weitzman



An Impartial Guide to Current Exhibitions in the New York Region

St. Etienne, 46 W. 57
Sculpture, drawings, etchings, litho-
graphs and woodcuts by Kaethe Koll-
witz, Nov. 3 - Dec. 4; 10-5:30.

Niveau Gallery
Paintings, Maurice Utrillo
Nov. 20 - Dec. 4.

Jacob Hirsch, 130 W. 54
Old paintings, drawings and prints.
Ancient art from 5,000 B. C. to 1600
A. D. 9:30 - 5:30.

New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12
Permanent exhibition of murals by
Orozco, Benton and Egas. 10 - 10;
Sat. 10 - 5; Sun. 1 - 5.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 St.
Calder exhibition until Nov. 28, 12-7,
Sun. 1-7. (Investigate special stu-
dents' admission fee). Photography
Center, Museum Annex, 9 W. 54, opening
Nov. 4. Young People's Gallery:
Young Negro Art, to Nov. 28.

An American Place, 509 Madison Ave.
Oils, watercolors and drawings by John
Marin. Sun. 3 - 6.

Milch, 108 W. 57.
Recent paintings by a selected group
of American Artists - Through November.
9 - 5:30.

Have you visited the Cooper Museum on
the third floor?

SOCIAL NEWS

"Stag Meets Doe" Dance on December 11,
sponsored by our Student Council. It's
in the Washington Irving High School Gym
at Irving Place, between 16th and 17th
Streets. Stag or Doe 35¢